

A short  
**REPRESENTATION**

Performed before

**The Lord Generall  
MONCK.**

AT

**GOLDSMITHS-HALL,**

*Tuesday, Aprill 11th.*

---

By three persons,

**An English-man, a Welsh-man, and  
a Scotch-man.**

---

**LONDON,**

Printed for *Thomas Morgan*, and are to be  
sold at the Royal Exchange in *Cornhill*, 1660.

A short

REPRESENTATION

The Lord General

MONCK

COLONEL MITCHELL

and

By three persons

An English-man, a Welsh-man, and  
a Scotch-man.

LONDON

Printed by T. W. B. for J. W. B. at the  
Printers of the University of Oxford.

# A short Representation.

OFFICER.

**H**O W now Friends, whether are you crowding so fast? Pray get ye back again and wipe your shoes. Who invited you I wonder. If ye are a hungry, stay till the Scraps come forth; which will be about four or five hours hence.

*Englishman.* Pray good man Jack, kold my stuffe, be good in your Office. *Sirrah,* We come to see the General; we have as much businesse with him as the best of 'um, all that has invited him hither.

*Officer.* Hee'l hear no petitions to day.

*Englishman.* Petition, we come not to Petition, Friend, he has done our businesse without a Petition already.

*Officer.* He had much to do I warrant; when he did your businesse.

*Englishman.* Friend you need not be so Angry; we come not to defraud you of the least bit, that you intend to carry home to your Wife; for her provision till the next quarter Feast. Forgive me leave to tell thee, we have been as good Housekeepers as some of your Masters, and kept better men then thou to wipe our shoes, & now I hope we shall do for gain.

*Officer.* You are sufferers then, since the times. Her's one I warrant whose Catt has dy'd with eating

a poysoned *Ratt*. Her's another who's two *Ducks* and one *Drake* used to sleep at his beds head, and he has now lost all by the Maledictions of the old witch his Neighbour. Her's another had but one torn Shirt, which was stolen by a *Gysse* as it hung upon a Hedge a drying, one *Saturday* in the Afternoon. And as for your part *Good-man Prate* a pace what have you lost I wonder? your Dogs Leather Hedging Gloves I warrant, or some such precious piece of Treasure.

*Englishman*. The fellow would fain be witty before the Masters of the Company. Alas! it would stand thee in little stead had we a mind to Retort; but that is not our business. We are come to make our General Merry; for making us merry. Sirrah, we have been at charges for a *Pavot*, and the Fiddlers, and therefore I tell thee we will see our General, and sing him a song and give him thanks for his care of us all.

*Welchman*. Sirrah if her will not let her see her Sheneral, and sing her a fine song, which her ha pay'd her share for the making, her will preak her pusee poaie's pate.

*Officer*. I care not for your songs, you come not here untill I know better who you are.

*Englishman*. Friend I am a *Cheshire* man, who had lost my tenure of a good Farm for siding with my Land-Lord Sir *George Booth*; but I now have got it again, thanks to our General.

*Welchman*. And her pe Shentleman of *Wallis*, and her lost her create fortune for her creat loofe to her creat Land-Lord Sir *Thomas Middleton*; but her have cot it a cain. her thank her cood Sheneral.



*Scot.* In troath noow they had gotten een aw, & aw  
for becofe Iſe ha ſarved my gude Lord and Maiſter  
the KING. But whare be thoſe muckle traitors  
noow? intoath friend wee's come for nething elſe  
but to garr the Generall take notice of our loove, tell  
him for his muckle paines and care of us and of aw  
the Kingdom.

*Officer.* Well, ſay there, and if the Generall will  
be troubled with your Impertinencies, ile give ye  
notice.

*Engliſhman.* Now thou ſpeakſt like an honeſt fel-  
low; doſt heare? if thou canſt but get us in, wee'l  
give thee ſix pence a piece.

After a little pauſe the Officer returns.

*Officer.* Wel, if your Song be good, you may come  
in; but be adviſ'd of that; for if it ben't you'l be  
ſoundly ſoundly laught at; and for your Poet, tell  
him from me, if he come off baſely, the Company will  
not give him a braſs token; and ſo you'l loſe your  
Credit and he his labour.

To the Tune of, *The Grecian Army.*

*Engliſhman.* No more good people, talk no more  
Of what the Champion did of yore;  
I care not a pin what ſtorie forge  
Of *Bevis* or of Great *St. George*,  
Who Dragon did ſlaughter  
To get the Kings fair daughter  
For his wife;  
Which was truly  
And moſt dully  
The braveſt thing he did in his life.

*Scotchman.* To the *Highlanders New Rant.*

Nor I've ne care at aw

For Kintyre man St. *Aundrem*,

Although he ware as gude a sword

As ever muckle man drew;

For though he did redum

The Ladies fair and breetht

Yet had the swains bin still

But for gude *Willie's* Leeght.

Away then,

Stay not,

What gare's us be filent?

(*Lent.*

Wee'l feast our *Monk*, though now it be high

*Welshman.* To the Tune of, *Fortune, &c.*

Nor for our old St. *Taffie* to I care,

Who slew a mighty shyant without laughter;

Yet for th' excessive pains he took that tay,

*Full fast* He slept seven whole years after.

To the Tune of, *What you please.*

*Englishman.* But our St. *George* hath set us free

From a base *Rumps* bold slavery

Poor *England* now shall bleed no more;

*Welshman.* And *Wallis* sal pe as her was before.

*Scotchman.* The War in *Scotland* first did swagger,

But there first ends, *Jemmy* put up thy

(dagger.

To the Tune of, *The Grecian Army* (as before.

You base Excise men and Committee's

That swaggerd over Towns and City's,

(While

(7)

(While the sad Ploughmen plough'd in grief,  
And yet poor Swains had no relief,)

Must now go down

And stoop to th' abused Clowns;

For like the Sun

In his glory,

In his story,

*Monk* is resolv'd not to be out don:

*Scot.* To the Tune of, *The Highlanders New Rant*  
(as before.

A Out out away Phanaticks,

Whoken not what yee'd have;

Your *Plots* be aw discover'd

The Nation to enslave;

Our Cities now ne mere shall pay

The hire of their Fetters;

Ne mere shall *Major Generals*

Now rant it ore their betters;

For *Monk's* come,

That *Monck*

Whom all men prize,

To heal up all our past Maladies.

*Welshman* To the tune of, *Fortune.*

And now her tosted Cheeze, her eat and Sing,

And freely drink a health unto her King:

Ap *Thomas* ap *Middleton* give me thy hand

For now our Sister *Chester's* Walls shall stand.

*Chorus.*

*Chorus.* To the Tune, *2. Dido.*  
 Brave Hero, then in thy brave rage  
 Proceed, which hath rail'd up our Age,  
 To say you were from Heaven let down;  
 To give the wronged Heir his Crown,  
 For well the wayes of truth you take  
 The ballance even now to make.

All our long differences bend  
 Already to a settled end  
 For which we now must all agree  
 To give the stile of just to thee.  
 Bequeathing unto, to after Story  
 The care of thy unblemish'd Glory.

---

**FINIS.**



